



INNIS COLLEGE
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Innis Herald

Vol XV No. 5

January 1982

Heroldina Finds a Home

By Nenz.

Shockwaves reverberated through Innis hallways when it was learned that the feline squatter (a.k.a. Haroldina, Sarah, etc.) was threatened with removal to the local Humane Society. A notice which appeared on the I.C.S.S. bulletin board stated that the female tabby, well-known to regular Innis lunchers, would be evicted soon if she were not adopted by some kind soul. The notice failed to mention why Haroldina was getting the boot and by whom. Due to some astute investigative reporting, the Innis Herald discovered that an unnamed male student complained to the secretarial staff about Haroldina, calling her a "Nuisance." Thus the wheels of fortune were set in motion which resulted in the adoption of Haroldina by Stephen House on Friday morning (Jan. 8). Miss Mew's parting words were reported to be "I didn't like the food there anyway."



Lemmeow-l.

Inside
Harold Innis for Beginners
Excerpts from Scarecrow
Cartoons by Adam and Phil

In the Alcove at the Place

Catherine Russell

The place where Ulster meets Lippincott, just southeast of Bathurst and Harbord, where there are two overcrowded grocery stores on opposite corners, a laundromat, a street-hockey game, and a few old women forever inching past, is much the same as the places you pass on your way here and there. Martha Davis doesn't live at the Place. She lives in a room with an Alcove on the way to the Place, and on the way from the Place.



The Alcove. This drawing is on the advertising posters which were posted at the place.

A Feature-length Personal Film

by Martha Davis

Normally, increased knowledge of a neighbourhood is a simultaneous integration into it. We think of community, acceptance, and reciprocity as measures of neighbourhood familiarity, but Davis is the camera, the pure observer, and so must remain alien.

She gives presents to The People, but these are such self-conscious gestures, discussed at length in the Alcove as means toward the goal of integration, that the idea of reciprocity is somehow lost. The gifts are a "part of the film" rather than a pure gesture of friendship. Constantly alternating Alcove and Place, a distinction is built up between the film-maker who chooses and arranges shots, and the world that exists to be filmed. The strict alternating structure means that experience and analysis of experience, and individual and community, are always divided.

Half-way through the film, Davis brings up the question of ending. She describes several possibilities that might resolve the dynamic progression, or act as a final integration. While an individual may finally become part of a neighbourhood, a camera cannot, and so any ending to *In the Alcove at the Place* must be arbitrary. The ending comes suddenly, with one significant shot, the film-maker's shadow in the Place shot from above.

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Harold Innis:

A Marginal Man

This article introduces a new feature of the *Innis Herald*, a regular column called *The Margin*, devoted to our namesake.

by Jeremy Adelman

Harold Adams Innis, amongst other things, was a Canadian. In a day and age when the people of this country are subjected to the cultural battering ram of the United States, be it from cable-TV or Exxon, Harold Innis as a scholar and a Canadian, should be better appreciated. His many-faceted works are testimony to the authenticity of our culture and also salvage a sense of direction for the seemingly anemic conditions of the Canadian academic climate.

In the last issue of *The Herald*, Mark Freiman allowed us a brief glimpse of Innis' work. Most readers probably bogged down after a few paragraphs though, flipped the remaining pages aside, and promptly tossed the whole sha-bang aside, still admitting almost complete ignorance of Harold Innis. The question — Who the Hell was Harold Innis? — continues to be as pointed as ever.

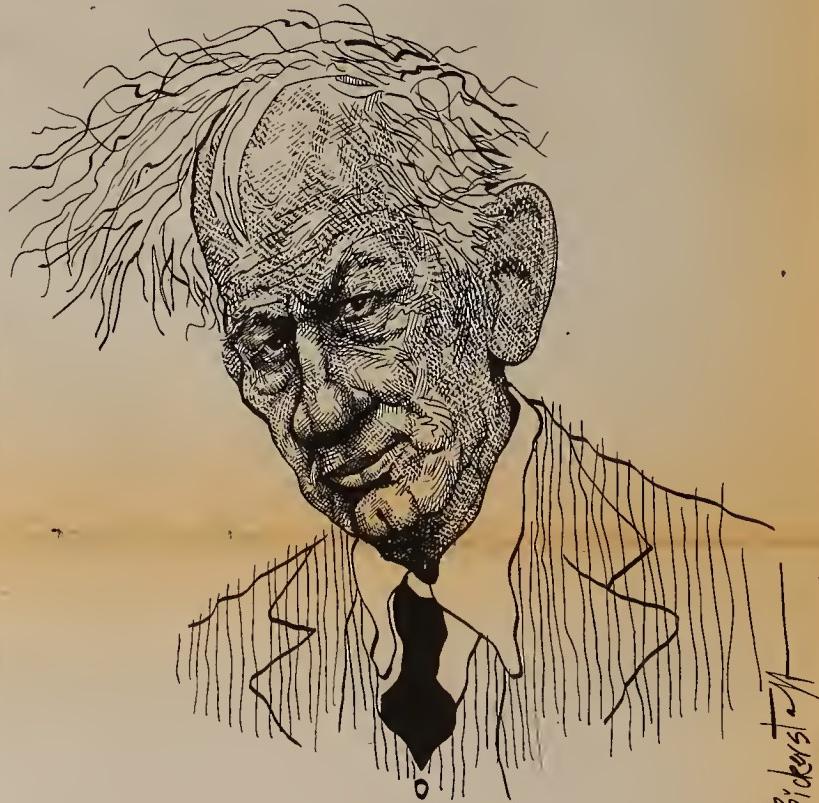
Innis was born in true Great White North fashion. He was a fifth generation Canadian whose roots are traceable to the American Revolutionary War. Brought up in rural southern Ontario in a baptist household, he led an austere and isolated childhood. Little Harold was well versed in the mores of pioneering, yet maintained an insatiable thirst for knowledge.

Educated in Otterville High School, Innis graduated to Woodstock Collegiate Institute to finish his education. A young man, fresh out of high school, Innis knew his vocation was not to become a farmer. His mother's wish was for him to be a clergyman, his father's, a teacher. The lack of funds, however, prevented Innis from immediately continuing his education. A temporary job as a local primary school teacher gave him the opportunity to earn the money to go back to school. The experience was enough to make him realize that teaching was not for him.

Harold Innis' youth could be succinctly described as marginal. Born in a peripheral country, on a small farm in a family whose religious beliefs were not mainstream, the young Innis maintained an outsider's view of the world. This background is crucial for a proper understanding of the man and his philosophy.

Innis eventually decided to enter McMaster University, which was then located in Toronto. Thus in 1912, Harold Innis began his stint in the big city. As an undergraduate, he studied primarily history and political economy. He also entertained a special love for debating, believing it to be a skill necessary to become a lawyer. When he was 21, Innis graduated. By 1916, World War I was in full swing. Like many of his fellow graduates, Harold Innis joined the crusade against the forces of despotism and enlisted. The experience in Europe was to be a turning point in his life. The "marginal man" was thrust into the mire and muck of "centre man's" existence: war of superpowers.

Innis moved around France as a signaller in an artillery battalion. Finally he joined the group of Canadian forces preparing for the attack on Vimy Ridge. The battle for the hill lasted three months during which time Innis' leg was struck by shrapnel. His career as a soldier ended. The experience was to make Innis a skeptic, questioning the assumed motives of men and nations; the imperial mentality became repulsive to him. Instead of a righteous movement for freedom, he realized the true nature of the war: a competition between nations to establish hegemony. Innis began to appreciate the value of being a "marginal man," free from old world values.



HAROLD INNIS

Innis returned to Toronto in 1918 with the intention of doing his M.A. at McMaster. In the same year he decided to take advantage of a summer programme in economics offered by the University of Chicago. Instead of returning to Toronto, however, he chose to remain in Chicago to finish his doctorate — in economics. It was here that an interest in Canadian Economic history was aroused, as well as a nascent allegiance to his home country. The time spent in Chicago allowed Innis to develop an antipathy towards Americans en Masse. He was appalled at "the bragging and boasting" on the 4th of July. This contrasted with the reticence, understatement and modesty to which he was accustomed in Canada. But this could not detract from the quality of his education. In keeping with his concern for Canada, he wrote his thesis on the evolution of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

He felt a need to work for Canada. For him this entailed primarily a conceptualization and awareness of the nation's historical origins. Such an understanding would be the foundation of its progress, development, and consolidation as a nation. Innis began his research into the roots of Canadian development with his infamous study of the fur trade. Innis, as was his wont, could not be satisfied with second hand sources. So, in order to gather a genuine impression of the fur trade, Innis set off with a partner in an 18-foot Hudson's Bay canvas covered canoe, from the Peace River to Ak lavik at the mouth of the Mackenzie river. Only here were the last vestiges of the original fur trade to be found. This was typical of Innis' research. He would not be content without an intimate knowledge of his field of study.

By the mid twenties, Innis had developed a procedure of investigation combining teaching,

research and travelling. He went to the Yukon in 1926 to acquaint himself with mining. In 1927 he visited the Maritimes to be familiar with the lumber industry, and in 1928 *The Fur Trade of Canada* was published. Innis' influence in the field of Canadian economic history was established.

Innis faced a distinct problem during the Depression: the threat to the tradition of Political Economy. Innis believed in the sanctity of this approach (as opposed to the more dogmatic or technical interpretation of economics). He was instrumental in the establishment of *The Canadian Political Science Association* in 1935. As he put it: "any exposition by any economist which explains the problems and their solutions with perfect clarity is certainly wrong." Genuine economic resolutions could only be achieved by scientific and intellectual approaches, by thorough and detailed economic planning.

The new Keynesian economists and Marxist thinkers — both of whom were symptomatic of a general reaction to the economic chaos of the Great Depression — were scorned by Innis. The League for Social Reconstruction for example, the forerunner of the CCF/NDP, was rejected by Innis, particularly in its bid to attract the support of academics. "The literature builds up around the name of Keynes or Marx or someone else and everything else is dropped. A situation responsible for these tendencies is dangerous and comes a little short of dictatorship." Once again, the "marginal man" appears. Keynes and Marx both developed theories which were inapplicable to a peripheral economy such as Canada's.

Acceptance of central or metropolitan ideas was merely submitting to imperial forces. Innis advocated a "made-in-Canada" solution. Such an approach necessitated scholarly work and a more profound knowledge of our economic, historical and cultural heritage. During this struggle against the "popular tendencies of economics," Harold Innis was appointed Head of the esteemed Department of Political Economy at UofT.

Innis' faith in scholarship was to be severely tested during the second World War when academics were pressured into joining the war effort. Innis, still bitter about the experience he had in Europe, was skeptical of the seemingly



The university may serve to aid the individual in understanding the forces around him and withstand the onslaught of cheap popular notions.

— H.I.

"just crusade": perhaps it was a repetition of superpowers vying for hegemony. The University, which Innis often referred to as the "Ivory Tower," was the forum for the exercising of intellectual standards. The University should preserve the scholarly tradition. As he puts it: "...the university may serve to aid the individual in understanding the forces around him and withstand the onslaught of cheap popular (perhaps even imperialist) notions."

This catapulted Innis into a more global approach and the study of communications. By now, Innis' thoughts and energies spanned a wide spectrum. Despite his efforts and his clearly innovative approach, he developed somewhat of a reputation as a freak due to his apparently odd stances. Innis was born on the margins and even in the sacrosanct world of academe, he could not be freed from his individualist posture.

Donald Creighton, author of a very fine biography of Innis, describes him as "now venturing far beyond Canada in time and space into remote realms of speculation about which most of his incurious colleagues and associates knew little and cared less." In 1945 Innis was invited to Moscow to celebrate the 220th anniversary of the Academy of Sciences of the USSR. This trip revealed to him his ignorance of

Russia as well as feeding his repulsion of limited dogmatic interpretation; narrow Marxist Soviet policy and its foil — the aggressive and reactionary policies of the U.S. He lamented the hostility generated by the Cold War. In keeping with his growing world view he believed "the major problem of the War is therefore co-operation between Russia and the Anglo-Saxon world... To establish contact, a common world view is today more essential than ever." The "marginal man," from his objective position, saw the tragedy of the world.

Innis began to develop an antipathy toward the American imperialist policies. He developed a sympathy with Europe, the original and most profound influence on the Canadian heritage. Europe, like Canada, was caught between empires. The question of communications was central to this position. According to Innis' thesis, empires strove to monopolize on communications to subjugate the individual and the peripheral areas. Innis feared the weight of American propaganda as a "crude effrontery of American imperialism." The regionalization of Canada, the division of English and French Canadians and the withering of our European heritage were the result of the "pernicious influence of American advertising." The "marginal man" — the Canadian — was victim of the bias of communication.

Harold Adams Innis died on November 8, 1952 of cancer. His career was expansive and brilliant. His devotion to fundamental liberties and the sanctity of the individual was unquestionable. A man from the peripheries, as are all Canadians in one sense or another, Innis believed in the struggle against monopolization of knowledge, and in the constant questioning of given assumptions. Thus Innis was more than a Canadian: he was a fighter for the protection of the individual. For Innis truth was a panacea for universal harmony.



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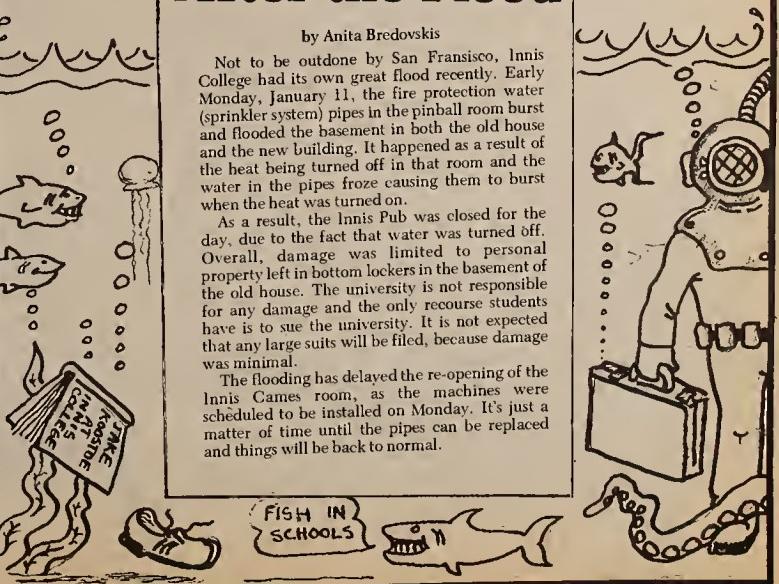
After the Flood

by Anita Bredovskis

Not to be outdone by San Francisco, Innis College had its own great flood recently. Early Monday, January 11, the fire protection water (sprinkler system) pipes in the pinball room burst and flooded the basement in both the old house and the new building. It happened as a result of the heat being turned off in that room and the water in the pipes froze causing them to burst when the heat was turned on.

As a result, the Innis Pub was closed for the day, due to the fact that water was turned off. Overall, damage was limited to personal property left in bottom lockers in the basement of the old house. The university is not responsible for any damage and the only recourse students have is to sue the university. It is not expected that any large suits will be filed, because damage was minimal.

The flooding has delayed the re-opening of the Innis Games room, as the machines were scheduled to be installed on Monday. It's just a matter of time until the pipes can be replaced and things will be back to normal.





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If it is the business
of the future
to be dangerous?
A. N. Whitehead

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Letters to the editor can be put in the Innis Herald Mailbox in the Innis mailroom, or put in the submissions box in the ICSS office.

Editorial:

In Praise of Sticky Aisles or Stick to the Bloor

Angels

Catherine Russell
Philip Ross
Jeremy Adelman
Danielle Savage
Doug Donderi
Michael Swan
Anita Bredovskis
John Nahilton
Nancy Ranalli
Martha Davis
Greg Scully
Hugh Palmer
Elaine Bauer

Recently, when I decided that I wanted to see a film badly enough to pay \$4.50 for it, I found myself confronted with a new and deplorable cinematic development. (Actually, it isn't really cinematic in the sense of filmic, but rather in the sense of cinema space.) I refer, of course, to the litter or "mess bags" which are made available by the cinema management for the use, or as they put it, the comfort, of their patrons.

Movie-mess bags are terrible things. They represent the latest advance in the lets-eat-yogurt-go-jogging-and-get-sun-tanned trend. They are part of a media attempt to make people healthy, clean, incredibly well-balanced, and odorless. In our society, all refuse is ignored, hidden away or quickly covered over. The only use we ever have for toilet paper is to pat it to our cheeks and remark how it feels like cotton.

When I go to the cinema, I sometimes buy junk-food, and I have, up till now, been able to fling popcorn, wrappers, and half-full cups of coke on to the floor in happy unconcern. As long as movie audiences were able to toss jujubes bags with abandon, they were exercising their right to be human, i.e., to produce waste. Now, with the introduction of the movie mess bag, yet another outlet for the creation and exposure of garbage has been closed and people are being forced evermore strictly into the world of trendy sterility created by the advertising world.

I find myself feeling nostalgic for the crunch of popcorn and the sticky feeling of gum underfoot. Stepping on and over the garbage left behind by previous audiences gave movie-going much the same flavour as the reading of a second hand book. It gave the feeling of continuity, of experience shared, and of comradeship. One could discern the character of the previous viewers by the character of their garbage.

Attending a film is now a sterile experience, reeking only of isolation, loss of history, and granola bars. Going to a movie theatre, I feel that I and my fellow viewers are the only ones who have ever, or will ever, see this film. There are no traces of previous audiences. I and the audience with me are caught in time, stuck for some minutes in a place where no one else goes, or has ever been.

I feel that movie mess bags should be fought by all thinking people in Toronto. It may be anarchic, but do, please, throw your popcorn, candy wrappers, and gum around the cinema. Maintain your right to be dirty, unhealthy, smelly, and don't ever go jogging.

Ortrude Fizzbert

...DON'T WORRY THE NEXT ONES.
FUNKIER THAN THIS ONE!...



The Innis Milkbar

Study Skills

Worried about improving your term marks?

Why not attend Innis College's hour long study skills sessions?

1. Time management Thurs. Jan. 14, 1982

2. Lecture listening and Note taking

Thurs. Jan. 21, 1982

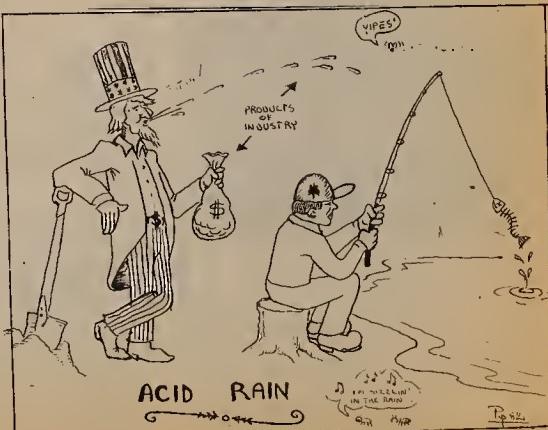
3. Effective reading Thurs. Jan. 28, 1982

4. Writing term tests and final exams

Thurs. Feb. 4, 1982

Where: Innis Town Hall

When: 12 - 1 PM



In Heaven There is Rest, But Hell has Brador on Draft

Notes from the Desk of P. Seudonym

Hi gang: me again. I'd like to preface this article with two quotes that have nothing to do with each other, and even less to do with this exercise in intellectual idiocy. The first one, by Woody Allen reads: "Sex is a beautiful thing between two people. Between five, it's fantastic." The second is from Hugh Palmer, a character who is, on the average, slightly less perceptive than the average tree stump, and who once said, "a bikini is a lot like a barbed wire fence: it protects the property without obstructing the view."

I'm fully aware that it's customary for the introductory paragraph to introduce the subject and hand -- that's why it's called the introductory paragraph. Unfortunately, I can't be bothered making the effort to construct a paragraph that has anything at all to do with the rest of this article. I mean, my style and grammar reads like Sodom and Gomorrah, but what do you expect? You're getting this paper free -- you can't expect Fotheringham, for God's sake.

I don't know if you've been following this series of literary heracies or not, but, the other day, I was "privileged" to overhear a conversation between two Grade A Top-Quality Preppies, (the subject being my denunciation of said species in my most recent column). After much debate, hand-wringing, pouting, and general preppyness, they decided that the article was "tacky". Tacky? Gee... Muffy, that hurts. Knowing that I've been branded, "tacky" by two androgynous drones whose total mental capacity is roughly the same as that of a bowl of strawberry jello is hardly going to keep be awake

nights.

But enough Time to surge forward, moving ever onwards, striving for Eden. New horizons await. New vistas beckon, and one must sally forth into the great adventure we call life. (If you believed any of that, let me know: I've got some nice ocean-front property in Kansas that you might care to purchase.)

It has always been my policy to try to keep this column focused, in some way or other, on the goings-on at Innis College; but in all honesty, until this particular sentence rolled along, I must confess that my attempts to follow such a policy have been about as successful as the boy who murdered his parents, and proceeded to throw himself on the mercy of the court because he was an orphan. Since the *Innis Herald* is the voice, life, spirit, and general *raison d'être* for this College's inhabitants, I suppose that I should shift the focus of my attention more toward the flourishing life in that red brick building that looks like a three-year-old's LEGO project while on acid. (Of course I can say that, and get away with it: the architect that is to blame for this three storey Creation in Early Nothing lives two doors up the street from me.)

Mind you, Innis has managed, to its credit, to maintain its sense of individuality, not to mention a highly unique (sick) identity. So have the Moonies and Jack the Ripper, you say? Well, to hell with you, Bub; Innis is like nothing else on this campus! (Take that however you want). So what if Art Wood's taste in ties is lousy at best, and the bartender insults most of his customers, and the Pitpeople are raving lunatics with no

sense of decency? The food's great, the food's great, the office staff cute, and ... God, but I sound sycophantic, don't I?

In the first draft of this column, (yes I do write first drafts. It doesn't look it? Drop dead!) this paragraph wasn't here; you went from the last paragraph right to the next one. But when I gave this article to a friend, Rev. Dr. Wesley Emerson, he thought that it lacked something -- a second last paragraph. So I wrote one. Wes, by the way, is a rather interesting specimen of Homo Sapiens. How many people do you know that are ordained reverends, enrolled in Osgoode Hall Law School, look like Elvin Presley six months after the burial, and drink Chivas Regal while having a bubble bath? I think that his problems originated in childhood: breast-fed from falsies, and some traumatic like that.

A cousin of mine lives in Buffalo. Yeah, poor guy. Anyway, he works for the Marineland and Game Farm in Niagara Falls, feeding porpoises. The other day, he discovered that, if he fed them seagulls, they became immortal, and would remain so as long as that was all they were fed. One day, when he was bringing them their daily seabirds, he found, much to his surprise, that one of the Game Farm's lions had escaped, and being a lion well on in years, had fallen asleep in the middle of the path to the porpoise pens. He climbed over the lion, gulls and all, and was promptly arrested by a Fish and Wildlife Officer, and charged with "Transporting Gulls Across Staid Lions for Immortal Porpoises".

It's been a slice.

DON'T MISS THE INNIS COLLEGE VARIETY SHOW

Friday, January 29th, 1982

8 p.m.

and after the show,
a **PARTY** in the Stub Lane Pub

It promises to be a night
to remember

Tickets available for admittance
to show and party



**Innis students \$1.50
Others \$2.00**



Scarecrow

Joe

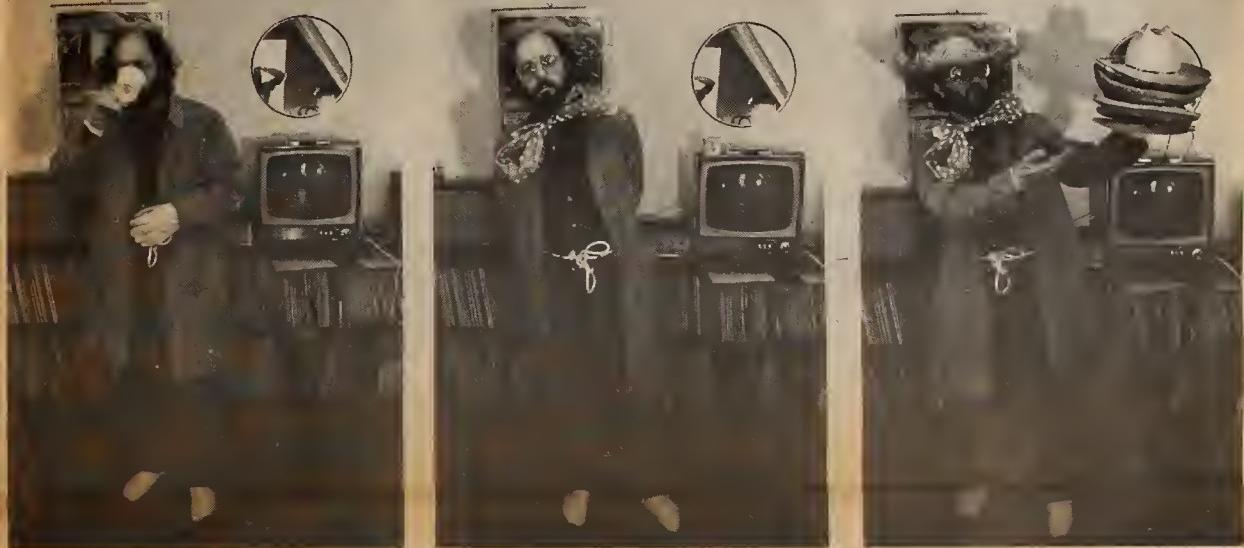


Forbes



These are part of a longer series exhibited at Innis in

**Photographs about gesture in costume
by Martha Davis**



in April 1980, and at the Funnel Gallery, 1981. —

Review

Fireweed and How to

Write A Harlequin

Danielle Savage

Last summer some friends of mine and I decided that we would write a Harlequin Romance. They're all the same, we reasoned, and not very long. No sweat. So we bought four of them cheap on Queen Street, and brought them home (in plain brown wrappers) to read. We came up with a few generalizations to help us write: the books are short (under 200 pages); the heroine is a "good girl" although not necessarily a virgin; she is spirited and intelligent. She is travelling to some unknown and somehow exotic place, so she is the stranger-among-locals. Candlelight Romances, a division of Dell Publishers, gives this formula for aspiring writers:

...four to eight characters, and three major love scenes. Girl should meet boy at the beginning of the book, and win him at the end. The heroine should be in her twenties, and be the type who takes baths, never showers. As for sex, nothing too explicit (unless, of course, they're married). Also taboo are social problems and physical handicaps.

The CANDLELIGHT ROMANCE should be a celebration of the five senses: for example, mention such phrases as "the silkiness of her skin;" "the sound of waves against the shoreline..."

Although Harlequins differ from this in certain ways, this description gives one an idea of the "formula" involved in a romance novel.

We never did go through with our plan to write one. For my own part, reading them was enough. I didn't want anything more to do with them. The repetition got to me: the plots are the same, the actions are the same, the characters are the same. Why would anyone read more than one?



With this question I stopped thinking about Harlequin romances, until I came across the current issue of *Fireweed* ("a Feminist Quarterly"). This issue deals with "Popular Culture." Now, it is not new for feminists to examine books, magazines, TV shows and other cultural phenomena for what they reveal about woman's status in society. But *Fireweed*'s stance is, for me, unusual and refreshing: first of all, it deals with what is considered to be the lowliest of the low — women's popular culture. This includes soap operas and Harlequins, but in other societies it may have been fairy tales or superstitions. (remember 'old wives' tales?"). And *Fireweed* shows that this subculture should not be ignored. Janet Patterson's "Consuming Passion" deals specifically with the question of why women read Harlequin Romances, and her answers are startling.

By no stretch of the imagination can Harlequins be considered feminist. As Patterson carefully explains, their whole formula smacks of paternalism. This is evident in everything from the setting (his world); she is the outsider who must work her way in) to the characters (he is always about twelve years older than she). And so on. The crucial point is that these novels are written from a female point of view, always in the third person, to provide a kind and understanding tone.

Romance

The heroine / narrator / reader relationship is complex, and key, I believe, to the Harlequin reading experience. All three share the desire for a happy ending; they are however, separated by their varying degrees of knowledge (because of the formula, the reader knows what will happen)... It is as if the character were self-conscious enough to describe her emotional states in the third person: as if this commentary were shared, validated and put in a narrative context by a sympathetic friend, acting as mediator.

Patterson argues that Harlequins are not commodities that women are duped into buying, nor are they merely escapist literature. Rather, that just as True Love is (still) popularly considered to be the only way for a woman to validate her existence in our society, so must this solution be reached in the world of the Harlequin. Women go through the heroine's feelings of vulnerability and inadequacy every day; the novels provide perpetual opportunities for active identification by the reader and the subsequent Happy Ending resolutions. They reinforce continuously the idea that, "through the hero's emotions, the Harlequin (woman's) world can change from one of misogyny and denigration of women to one of richness, human warmth and sexual fulfillment."

This is the author's last point — that the heroine's sexual desire is inextricably linked with her love for the leading man. The fact that she is (inevitably) placed in an environment that is alien to her relaxes the social pressure she is used to, and sets the scene for adventurous romance and sex. Patterson states that the point of the novels is to eroticize the patriarchal relationship, and are in this sense "feminine pornography."

What is intriguing about this and other articles in this issue of *Fireweed* (including one on soap operas and a feminist critique of the movie "Adam's Rib") is that they take this stuff seriously, and prove that they've got a point. The authors don't provide slick answers, but rather raise the right questions and so lend a new perspective to these often ignored but far-reaching media phenomena.



Montenegro: Vulgar and Racist

J. Hamilton

There's Something Rotten in Denmark, or is it Sweden? If every film is aimed at a target group, then Montenegro should score a bullseye with upper middle class racists. The story relates the plight of a bored rich bitch (accent on both) who becomes unhinged when her 100,000 dollar lynx coat begins to shed. As a result of this trauma she takes up with a group of Yugoslav immigrants, who are portrayed as slobbering simians, and begins working in their punk cum sex nightclub.

Had blacks or East Indians been portrayed in a similar manner a picket line would have formed around the theater after the first showing. Yugoslavs, however, seem to be a safe group to dump on. What is even more amazing is that the director, Dusan Makevejov, is himself a Yugoslavian. Uncle Tomosav anyone?

The story is secondary to the Woman's spiritual odyssey (accent on odd). Suffice it to say that she lives out the classic R.B. fantasy of making it with the smelly old handyman right there in the dirt, (in this case chicken feed), then killing him and poisoning the rest of her family. The film abounds with clever touches like fireworks exploding to indicate orgasm, a gay,

psychiatrist, character dialogue voiced over shots of monkeys and dogs, a Yugoslav teenybopper who proclaims loudly and longly that she "used to fuck foreigners for learning good english", and hey -- how about that crazy cowboy grandpa? Ye gods!

The film's major literary influence seems to be American T.V. sitcoms. The script has all the depth of a phonograph record and all the integrity of a cheeze. As regards cinema technique, a lot of the first half seemed out of focus.

That the Globe can call this 'Movie of the Year' amazes me. Thank God it's a New Year. And judging by audience reaction the night I attended, I wasn't the only one amazed. The uninhibited eroticism which the newspaper ads have been promoting amounts to gratuitous sex leaning to the vulgar and tasteless. Porn for those afraid of being seen at Cinema 2000.

Montenegro is a Dusan Makevejov film starring Susan Anspach. Remember those names and don't say you haven't been warned. At the Carleton Cineplex and the International.



Susan Anspach plays a "bored rich bitch"

In the Alcove at the Place cont. from page 1

Trying to understand *the Place*, Davis talks about a hotair balloon trip, of a chance to see places as wholes. The intersection at Ulster and Lippincott is never quite seen like this. We get it in bits and pieces. We get all the names of The People, and we get behind its outer skin, but we never completely see it. Davis is sorry this is never accomplished, but it is perhaps the most essential difference between *the Place* and the *Alcove*, which is a precisely defined place. Her film is in a sense about the difference between personal contact and camera-contact; it brings out the voyeuristic character of documentary film, the conflict between desire and alienation.

In *the Alcove at the Place* takes advantage of the amateurish quality of super-8 film. It's a sophisticated home-movie, dealing with a room and a neighbourhood, but so carefully thought-out, so utterly self-conscious, that it transcends playfulness, but retains the innocence of super-8. Perhaps it's through her original naivety that Davis gains the viewer's sympathy. From the start, when she betrays her excitement in measured tones, about starting her very own film, we know that whatever else the film might be, it will also be some kind of learning experience.

Martha talks in the *Alcove* about the "goal" of the project, but it is never clear exactly what it is she wants to accomplish. There is the problem of knowing *the Place*, but there is also the larger problem of making a film. As a beginning filmmaker, she is discovering herself as the voyeur behind the camera, and so her "personal" goal is perhaps to come to terms with herself as the voyeur behind the camera.

One of the reasons why the film manages to hold our attention, even though it is so undramatic, is its total originality. Neither a documentary nor an experimental film, it is perhaps best described as a film-project. The structural development, implicit in the film's subject matter, makes it an intriguing and curious film. It takes a good deal of ambition to embark on a project such as this, and Martha Davis deserves credit for the mere achievement of making a feature-length film "indie". Davis deserves credit for the mere achievement of making a feature-length film independently, as well as for its success as an original and entertaining film.

In *the Alcove at the Place* will be showing at Innis this month. Anyone considering making a film of their own, or anyone curious about the possibilities of the Innis independent studies programme, or anyone looking for a good film to see, should definitely try to see this. As it will be run in Room 222, seating is limited, so call 978-7023 for reservations. The six showings will be at 8 pm on Jan 15 to 17, and Jan 22 to 24.

Metro's No. 1 Reggae Band

TRUTHS & RIGHTS



METRO'S NO. 1
PROBLEM

A twelve inch single?

by Henry Martinuk

Truth & Rights are perhaps Toronto's foremost reggae band, combining strong rhythms with lyrics seeped in Rastafarian righteousness. Their appearance at Varsity Stadium with Dennis Brown was the most electric show of the summer and their absence from performance has been conspicuous.

I dropped into Rhythm Discs on Kensington Ave. while Truth & Rights' new single was being slipped into the covers hot off the presses. I wavered on buying the 12-inch disc because of the high cost, but gave in because the play copy was blasting out some of the finest reggae since Black Uhuru's *Red*.

The two songs display Truth and Rights unique orientation to Toronto and its problems in the context of universal struggle for justice. *Metro's No. 1 Problem* begins rather strangely, first sounding like a loose blues jam, then building up into a jazzy piano.

The song deals with racial prejudice and tension in the urban environment. "Trouble down in Rexdale / Pakistani family battered," and lines like this illustrate the band's ability to draw on real-life situations to wake people up to the growing danger of oppression.

The "B" side is more conventional reggae with invocations to Jah and a call to unite the "Black Plight." This song is much longer, at nine minutes, but I still wonder whether the single is worth the high cost of \$5.50. It's true the graphics on the cover, by Ato Seiti, are great, but I would have liked one or two more songs for my money.

Although the length of the two songs will restrict the single to FM airplay, it is a fine effort that might well bring this rocking reggae group to the attention of more listeners. In the spring Truth & Rights hopes to record an album with the huge repertoire of songs they have, and to tour Britain and Europe in the summer. In the meantime, try to see this exceptional home grown reggae band next time they play in town.

Cleanhead's Blues

Michael Swan

"Folks call me Mr. Cleanhead,
Just cause I'm bald.
Folks call me Mr. Cleanhead,
just cause I'm bald.
With the stuff that I use,
I don't need no hair at all.

If it wasn't for you women,
I would have my curly locks today.
If it wasn't for you women,
I would have my curly locks today.
I would have been hugged and kissed and petted,
till my hair done rubbed away.

This is how Eddie "Clean Head" Vinson introduced himself to the crowd at the Brunswick on Monday night. The fun of these opening lines defined the parameters of Eddie Vinson's performance that night.

Eddie Vinson sings about all those things that have made the blues since before recorded sound; women, money, religion, love, sex, and frustration. He sings in a strong, blues baritone that cannot be ignored, that makes itself heard above the band and the crowd. Eddie Vinson plays sax as well as he sings. Eddie Vinson's sax



expresses the blues that cannot be encompassed in words.

Not a cool sophisticate who translates the blues into a baroque love-death of the common man, in the languid tones of a Sonny Stitt or Miles Davis; Eddie Vinson boogies — straight ahead and hard. His is that happy celebration of pain and frustration that we associate with John Lee Hooker, Junior Wells, Junior Walker, and Muddy Waters. He uses a metal mouthpiece and every muscle in his face to achieve a tone that doesn't just fill the room, but your entire body.

From the start of the first set "Clean Head" took command of the Albert's Hall All Star Band, which was notable for the addition of Jane Vasey (formerly of Downchild) on piano. Every tune was a twelve bar blues and it was the hard work of Jane Vasey that made each tune stand out against the others.

Vinson's repertory ran heavily toward the traditional side of Chicago-blues. He did tunes like *I Want a Little Girl* (which he first recorded in 1947), *Cherry Red*, and *Wake Up Old Maid*.

If you've always heard the blues on record, or over the radio, you should not miss this opportunity to see the real thing. Eddie "Clean Head" Vinson is the original jazz-blues fusionist: accept no substitutes.

Fiction

What Happens When the Secretary of State Becomes a Weatherman

To: The Stardust Cowboy
From: The man in charge here
Re: Snow and the Problems of National Security

Mr. President:

Let us first define the parameters: snow is a six-sided, living organism. It is a free-functioning body which is fully able to act intelligently, although many times one would find this difficult to believe. In a community, snow seems to be unemotional and icily uncooperative towards our attempts to warm the economy. However, individually, no two snowflakes are the same. Each has some unique characteristic which makes it unlike any other crystal in the universe. By name, rank or serial number, each snowflake can, and rightly does, claim a separate identity. In this state it is easy to become intimate with snow. (Just between you, me and the '84 gatepost, I have done so myself, but keep a lid on that -- just imagine if the Times got this one; it would be worse than Jimmy W's end of the world slip up.) As I was delineating, group differences are shed, and one grasps both a new comprehension and a mild frostbite. Unfortunately, these meetings are increasingly dissolving into a watery end and seem to represent the demise of snow as we know it.

We find it strange that no snow is to be found in the equatorial regions. It seems a clear case of communist infiltration causing a disruptive influence. Since Central America is within our sphere of exploitation, we must be prepared to take a firm stand, closing our figurative window

of vulnerability upon their figurative grimy little thieving paws. I suggest that if some snow doesn't turn up soon that we use the Titans. We must show the Soviets that we will only stand for so much and that this climate manipulation oversteps our patience. (If we do use them, I want to push the button. Remember, I asked before Weinberger. The thought of a nice, destructive nuclear explosion just sends shivers down my spine.)

There are two types of snow: those which we at the State call blowing snow and those known as the free-falling snow or those "Bloody Reds" (It gives the boys a thrill if we liven things up a bit). In the age of the deep freeze, these names have become somewhat meaningless. Blowing snow has the freedom of choice that all flakes deserve and is therefore able to move about without restraints. It seems to fly about with little concern for borders and, admittedly, this has gotten it into drifting propositions in the past. There is a general belief in some quarters (I wonder why we slight other loose change) that the blowing snow is both clogging and muddled and should stay out of other's business. This view is particularly prevalent in the brotherhood of free-falling snow which claims that the blowing snow is trying to seduce the free snow into the former's glittering lifestyle.

Trusting the free-falling snow involves slick possibilities, however. Even their name suggests something deviously deceptive. This snow can hardly be called free! Each flake falls to the ground as if it had been commanded by a supreme panel of flakes. Each follows another as

if they were an equal and vital part of the fall which joins to plague vehicular movement (this, in my opinion, has become tiresome and repetitive).

The newborn snowflake enters the world fresh and without contempt for its surroundings no matter its affiliations. It is pure and white and unblemished and maybe Secretary Watt is right. Unfortunately, and a main cog in the nasty meltdown of snow today, there youngsters quickly become tainted by the Russian wolfhounds which show little respect for the snow's innocence.

And what of the cold which serves to increase the use of snow as a lethal mode of warfare far worse than the neutron? Does anyone in Europe ever protest that? No. They fail to realize that once firmly moulded together this snow can be thrust out at the world. Reckless and violent, the once beautiful snow causes astonishing havoc as it explodes upon impact. No one would ever dream when one sees a newborn snowflake that it could be one day used as a SNOWBALL.

What's worse is the strange reports that we have been receiving from our top agents who believe that this snow is involved in a highly advanced form of cybernetics. Apparently, snow can be shaped into various sized ovals which are then linked to create what is known as a snowman -- obviously a force to be reckoned with in the near future. There is strong evidence to suggest that children everywhere have known of these snowmen, code named "Frosty", for some time now yet have said nothing. Perhaps

Major Robert Steps Upstairs

A Pub Review by Bokin Van Horne

The Upstairs Pub opened about a month ago. It's the upward expansion of Major Roberts restaurant (124 Harbord) and it's a nice place. As its name suggests, The Upstairs Pub is a converted upstairs, and the conversion has come off well. The Pub consists of three rooms: one main room with a bar and booths, and two smaller rooms, one with three tables, and one with a large and impressive Nato-Planning-Sessions-Type table.

Apparently the furniture was made out of rescued church pews (rather a backwards salvation), and yes, for when the going gets tough, there's a bible in the bible holder of the corner booth of the main room. The bathroom has blackboard and chalk within reaching distance of the toilet. Sensible toy, and it will probably screw up the poets for Just Long Enough, but the set-up lacks soul, and I wouldn't take odds against it's being marked up by a slightly pissed, slightly fuzzled, and very self-righteous vandal who saw it as being a threat to the cause.

The walls and ceiling are painted BRIGHT

green, but they go surprisingly well with the dark wood trim, dirt-concealing grey carpet, and sober ex-church furniture. There are quite a few drawings about, and they contribute to the impressive demonstration of tidyness and tastefulness on a very limited budget.

Being a pub, there is food available, but you'd better be the only person thinking about eating, because there's only one menu. It's printed on the blank side of a piece of graph paper, no less. It's interesting, though. Last Wednesday the soup was *Cream of Butternut Squash* — Very Good. With bread and cheese, it cost two bucks. Add an apple to that and it becomes a *Ploughman's Lunch*, and it costs two-thirty-five. Bread and cheese alone costs one-fifty. One slice of *Pecan Pie* costs two-twenty-five, which seems a bit inconsistent when you can get a *Ploughman's Lunch* for two-thirty-five. Would the *Pecan Pie* and a couple of caramels satisfy the *Ploughman*? Would the *Ploughman's Lunch* satisfy the *Ploughman*? I didn't bother to ask. *Navarin of Lamb With Bread and Apple* cost three twenty-five and looked very good.

The Upstairs Pub doesn't sell draught; designer beers and mixed drinks are somewhat cheaper than standard, but of course the only way to drink economically is to drink at home, so to hell with price-differences of ten percent, and on to the question of whether the atmosphere is worth the premium. It is. In spite of the gang-green walls and ceiling, which are easily defended, especially with light, *The Upstairs Pub* is a cheerful place. The little rooms are great, open to monopoly if you come in with a group of six or so, the customers for the most part are the usual nondescript beer-drinking university types, the menu is interesting, the food is good and cheap, the decor works against all odds, and the back terrace (to be opened in spring) will be a nice place to spend a warm evening, what with the fresh air, outside-type foliage, the moon, etc. The big question is how will the people living nearby react to the noise and rowdiness inherent in a group of slightly Upstairs people? Not my concern, I'll leave that question for a Serious Innis Student to take odds on.

Fiction

A History

by Michael Swan

She was walking on the path. He stepped in front of her. It was dark. She stopped and he clutched her sweater at the shoulder. He pulled her toward himself; she screamed a short, moderate cry, and struck her wrist against his arm. She tried to bite him and he rammed the bone at the top of his shoulder into her nose as he unsnapped her jeans.

When he had pulled her pants down around her thighs he pushed at her stomach with one hand and pulled at her neck with the other so that she had to bend over. She started crying, and when he had unsnapped and unzipped his own pants, and pushed himself up against her skin from behind her, she fell forward onto her hands and knees, and then forward again onto her stomach. She was fat, but not very fat. He tried to pull her up onto her knees, but she was too heavy and wouldn't move. He swore quietly.

He pulled his pants down a little further. He wasn't really hard but he pushed it in anyway. She was crying and her shoulders heaved. He didn't lie against her but put one elbow on her back and one on the ground beside her. Several times she lifted one foot and kicked it against the ground; this gave him a sensation and made him push harder.

When he had finished he swallowed and shivered. She had her face in her hands and was still crying. He hit her with a hammer blow between the shoulders that made her lose her breath. He stood up, pulled up his pants, and ran away. She thought she was going to be sick but then she wasn't. She curled up without pulling up her pants and hugged her sore knee.

She told her friend and her friend took her to the police. The police showed her some pictures and asked her to describe him. A policewoman visited her a couple of times after that and showed her some more pictures. After a while she realized that she couldn't recognize him because it was dark and he was behind her most of the time.

In a couple of weeks, when the policewoman had phoned her for the last time, she was eating almost nothing but yogurt, and smoking a lot more. And when she went home to visit her parents she would lock herself into the bathroom after dinner and push two fingers into her mouth to make herself throw up into the toilet. Her parents pretended they didn't know what she was doing. She never told them what had happened.

Over the winter she lost more than twenty pounds, but in the spring she still repented the broad hips and wide shoulders she had inherited from her mother and grandmother. So she joined a yoga class.

Her friend wanted her to talk about it, to get it out. She didn't know why anything had to be got out. Her friend told her about another friend of hers who was gay. She didn't like the idea of a woman pushing her tongue into the mouth of another woman. She didn't say anything to her friend.

During the summer she got a different job and found a better apartment in the north end of the city. And then she went to a concert with her friend, and she met a man there who knew her friend. He said funny things that made her laugh, and for a while after that whenever she went to visit her friend she would see him. And sometimes the three of them would go and drink beer together.

She tried to stop smoking and started a new diet. And then he phoned her and they went out without her friend. She showed him a picture of herself before she lost weight. He laughed and wouldn't believe it was her. She turned red and he kissed her. A couple of weeks later they pulled the sofa cushions onto the floor of her living room and made love, almost unconscious of what they were doing. And one night when it was raining, as they watched T.V. together, she tucked her feet up under her thighs, and she slipped her hand around his waist, and she rested her head on his chest, and she listened to him breathing. And she couldn't understand how she had come to be so happy.

Greg Scully



YES, YOU CAN BE A

Herald

Angel

There is an *Innis Herald* submissions box in the I.C.S.S. office. Please fill it up: fiction, photographs, reviews, artwork, suggestions.

Next Deadline February 8



by Anita Bredovskis

On Friday, January 29, the Innis College Student Society will present an evening of music, dancing and comedy in the Town Hall. Featured in the show is the all male chorus, the Innis College version of the world-famous "Trocadero Dancers," doing their very own rendition of "Swan Lake." Other acts include Cabaret, Big Spender, the Innis Choir, piano and guitar solos, a rock band, comedy routines and a dramatic reading from *Moby Dick* by our beloved principal and registrar, Dennis Duffy and David King.

School spirit lives at Innis and has manifested itself in the enthusiasm students are showing in putting together this variety extravaganza. All proceeds from the show will go to the student society to make up for the money that was stolen last term.

All in all it promises to be a good show, for a good cause, and at \$1.50 per person (\$2.00 for non-Innis) the price is right.

Hope to see you all there.

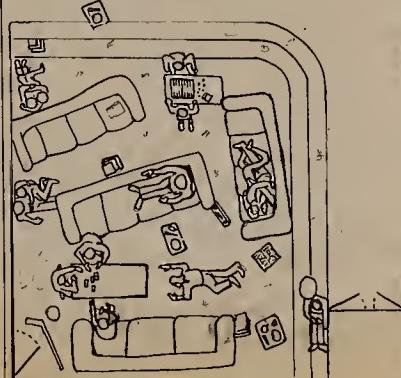


PNAT* Preparatory Course

PNAT PREPARATION COURSE

- * Course consists of 208 quarter hour sessions of instruction for only \$1,000
- * This course is non-tax deductible
- * Haphazard instructional approach guaranteed with the emphasis on timing drills and inefficient test taking techniques
- * Course materials are revised to match the addition or reduction in the number of Pit Crew obstacles as they occur.
- * Extensive home study exercises will not be provided.
- * This course may be repeated for an additional \$2,000.
- * All classes are at 5:00 a.m. and full day sessions are available on January 1st, and December 25th.

SAMPLE EXERCISE:



* Pit Negotiating Aptitude Test

INI 000S Obstacle Course Negotiation

Exclusion: Innis College Cleaning Staff and The Pit Crew

Prerequisite: PNAT* with an average or lower test score.

Recommended: minimum 18 years experience as a S.L.O.B.

Enrolment limited to Innis College Students with preference given to students who were unable to successfully manouvre through the front lobby of Innis College without tripping over someone or something during the last term.

This independent studies course will qualify the Innis College student as a "superperson able to leap tall heaps of refuse in a single bound." Upon successful completion of this non-credit course, Innis students will be proficient at finding a path through THE PIT area of the college without falling victim to any number of the various Pitfalls to be found in the front lobby. This

course will be of benefit primarily to first year students and may become mandatory in the future. However, as some of the obstacles in the lobby area change from year to year (namely the members of the Pit Crew), this course is recommended for more advanced Innis students as well. The graduating student who is not guaranteed employment in "Daddy's Company" and is therefore facing the possibility of chronic unemployment would be well advised to consider this course of study in preparation for a life as a derelict. The skills mastered in this course will enable the graduate (or drop out) from Innis College to manouvre through the obstacles found in the areas normally occupied by the homeless element in Canadian society, at midnight on any moonless night, even while dead drunk. (e.g. Allen Gardens).

* Pit Negotiating Aptitude Test

The Sixth Annual

Innis College Semi-Formal

by Hugh Palmer

Well, it's that time of year again: the Leafs are losing, courses are being dropped left right and centre, people skip their Stats class to plan their Reading Week Ski and Beer Vacation, and the office staff have promised to disembowel the next person who is unfortunate enough to cross their path with a Course Change Form.

Not to worry; help is in sight. That's right, the Innis Semi-Formal is only eight weeks away. This year's location is the Old Mill, and it promises to be a very enjoyable evening. Music will be provided by "Party Lights," who any past formal guests will remember fondly. Also, what other College has a Principal that puts on strange costumes and sings "Barbra Anne?"

Tickets are now on sale, so buy one soon, and avoid being disappointed. Remember, if Hugh Palmer can find a date, then so can you.

WHAT
SORT OF
WOMAN
HATES
PLAYBOY?